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singular city. For this purpose the sum of two hundred pounds was offered to two Janizaries, if they would procure for the king the object of his wishes. After a certain time, the crafty Musselmen returning from a pretended journey into the desert, reported that it was not in their power to convey away so bulky a weight as the body of a man, without discovery, but that, wishing to do every thing in their power for the satisfaction of his most Christian majesty, they had, with considerable difficulty and risque, brought a petrified boy, and a petrified bun, for which the envoy, without demur, paid the stipulated price, and the petrifactions were sent to Paris.

These expensive curiosities were afterwards shown to a learned and intelligent traveller, Dr. Shaw, who proved very satisfactorily, that the bun was an Echinus, and the petrified boy no other than a statue of Cupid, on whose shoulders the marks of a quiver, separated by violence, evidently appeared, but which the Janizaries, in their mercenary eagerness, or gross ignorance, had taken no pains to efface.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

ANALYSIS OF 1809.

Continued from No. 11. p. 453.

Offendam nugis? Hae nugæ seria ducent.

ONCE more proceed, most sapient sons of Koster,
Come, pass Columbia now, and speak of Foster,
The Custom-house Field Marshall of finance;
Unriddle all his diplomatique dreams,
Show all his unproductive taxing schemes,
And poor Excisemen, how he makes them dance!

Tell how his blundering regulation fills,
The country round with private whiskey stills;
How smugglers flourish, how the public purse,
Grows daily lighter, as his schemes grow worse.

Some agricult'ral knowledge if you please
Display, and how the Flaxseed brought from Greece
By our sage Chancellor, came up and grew,
Tell to your readers as you ought to do.
"Tell to our readers! sure you're making game,
Of Grecian Flaxseed—not a pickle came."

What? not a pickle; now you make me laugh,
Pray who did send two envoys to Armagh?
Sweet Mr. Wright, and pretty Mr. Pike!
Did they tell lies? I never heard the like:
Who there declared, that no one knows how much
Of Grecian Flaxseed; better far than Dutch,
Rear'd on Mount Athos! and of last year's growing,
Most scientifically mark'd, and branded
With Anno Domini, as soon as landed,
Would certainly be here in time for sowing!

Bravo! such topics let us now discard all,
Go on, and talk a while of Colonel Wardle,
And eke his paramour, "dear Mrs. Clarke"
Who most affectionately takes occasion,
To render him soft dove-like consolation,
In her epistle as you may remark.

Which (now that folks who play both —— and rogue,
Are, in high circles, very much in vogue,)
She, in full credence of attention meeting,
To "all the English people!"—sends it greeting.

Your graphic Elves may likely now take fire,
Saying, such *cheri amies*, we don't admire,
Not we ourselves, and aptly may cry "zounds!"
This *entrez nous*, which you so much stress lay on,
Reminds us of the story of Actæon,
Hunted and worried by his own Stag-hounds!

Diana's chastity indeed might cover,
Such vengeful scotching of a prying lover;
But *ne quid nimis*, would much better grace,
A nymph of Glo'ster, or of Westbourne-place.

Belike the harlotry, which raised this storm,
Is sagely conjur'd up to blink reform;
Though all its purport, we can't now discern,
A certain truth from its aspect we learn;
That favours from a meretricious source,
Are like Martello tow'rs, of little force:
The upholst'rer hath indeed one comfort still,
That peradventure he'll be paid his bill.

So far, so good, pray will you deign to state,
Who paid at Glo'ster-place for all the plate,
Cut glass, nice horses, wine, fine beds and coaches?
Nay, really, Sir, this question now approaches,
To what you call comparison, we see
Its tendency; 'tis like the rule of three,
As if you'd state, Westbourne, two thousand pound
Where all with strict economy was found,
A little, shabby, close, retir'd street,
And every thing so moderate, though neat.
"If Westbourne cost two thousand, then we grant ye,
The furnishing of Glos'ter must cost twenty—
Thirty, perhaps." Enough, you've said it,
You'll be so good as mention, now, who paid it?
"Lord Sir we cannot tell, but we suppose,
The expense of Glo'ster-place was paid by those
. . . . . who pay for all!"

Quit moralizing now, my gentle Imps,
Leave Mrs. Clarke to Clavering and such pimps;
The haunts of infamy let's quick abandon:
Far be from us to meddle with the work
Of Stews, of Dowler, of the Duke of York,
Of Sammy Carter, or brave Huxley Sanden!

Then neat and clean, say why you have delayed,
To follow *Boni*, while he proudly strayed
Along the Danube's banks, through fields of blood,
With nought to stay his progress, but its flood.

While London prints were daily holding out,
That he and all his troops were put to rout;
And *vice* storming camps, or forming sieges,
Sat quietly employed in building bridges!

That front and rear, his armies were beset,
And all entangled as if in a net)
Were *Boni's* marshals, guards and grenadiers,
The mighty torrent of his fortune changed,
His dukes bewilder'd, and himself derang'd,
This net however, as it now appears;
At *Walkersdorf*, and *Wagram*, soon he broke,
And cast it off his shoulders like a cloak;
Just as Manoah's son in days of yore,
His hempen bonds at Ramath-lehi tore. *
The D——l of it is, that still in writing,
To beat and kill this *Boni*, but in fighting,
With Russ, or Pruss, or Hun, we have the test on't,
Some how or other he still gets the best on't.

One thing indeed sits heavy on my mind,
I'm much afraid, that after such a thrashing,
On all the Continent, we shall not find,
Another open shop to spend our cash in!

Thy folly, Johnny Bull, will't never cease?
Wilt thou be ever brought to live in peace?
For half a century thou hast caused more death,
Than any other —— that e'er drew breath.

Edentecullo, 4th August, 1809. CALDERONE,

To be continued.

TO HOPE.

SWEET Hope, I love thy flowery paths to tread,
To bind my brows with thy unfading greens,
To hear thy light notes steal along the glade,
And gaze with rapture on thy distant scenes.
Unlike the cruel world's deceitful smile,
Thou cheer'st us still when friends are far away,
Thou smooth'st our road, thou soften'st every toil,
And oft—too oft thou art our only stay.
Tost to and fro on life's tempestuous sea,
My shatter'd bark the sport of every wind,
No star I have, no helm, no guide but thee,
Thou still'st the waves, thou sooth'st my fearful mind,
And whisper'st sweetly after every blast,
That I shall reach some friendly port at last. E. C.

* Book of Judges, cap. 15, v. 14, &c.

AS the works of the celebrated Athenian poet Æschylus are become rare, perhaps the following attempt at translating a few of his stanzas, may meet the forgiveness of your readers. The time in which the poet lived, and the baneful impression made on his imagination by the faithless conduct of Clytemnestra, will in some degree account for his reversing the office of a bee, by extracting the poison in place of the honey of the female history.

CHOEPHOROE.

From line 583 to 650.

Πολλα μὲν γᾶ τρέφει, &c.

STROPHE I.

VARIOUS phenomena, of dreadful kind,
And creatures hostile to the human race,
In ambient air existence find,
And dwell in vast Salatia's embrace.
In middle regions of the sky,
Loose meteors float, and lightnings fly,
And winged monsters, fraught with woe,
Soar high, while serpents creep below.
Consider too the tempest's direful rage,
Which 'gainst creation seems wild war to wage.

ANTISTROPHE I.

But the bold counsels of the human breast,
Who can conceive? what language can express?
Oft robbing half the world of rest—
And woman guilty of the worst excess!
When sin-clothed mortals liv'd combin'd
In guilty ties, of basest kind;
When passion uttered woeful cries,
And bade sad scenes of horror rise,
Love, odious love, pervading woman kind,
In daring deeds left man and beast behind.

STROPHE II.

Let him, deep-skill'd in legendary lore,
Reflect how far revenge the feelings bore
Of Thestius' daughter, who in ire,
Burnt in unrelenting fire
The woeful wood, by fate decreed before
To be consumed, and then her son expire
This she preserved with fearful caution,
Till brother's blood inflamed her passion.